Vol. IV. NO. 36.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEWISHAM next thought of writing to Clara, and recommending Miss Darlington to her protection, and he knew the goodness of his intention would to her plead his excuse for taking such a liberty; but, besides that, he feared that this step might not meet with the approbation of Lord Newark; his soul shrunk from the idea of writing to Miss Walsingham, for in what language could he address one, who had been ever, and still continued the object of his fondest love, and who in a short time he expected to behold the wife of another —"No, I cannot, I dare not, address myself to her;" cried he, "I can scarcely think of her with composure; oh, how my heart palpitates at the recollection of her numerous virtues!" After much consideration, he determined first to peruse the manuscript which Miss Darlington had given him, in which he hoped to find some clue by which he might guide that unfortunate young woman out of her present difficulties, and be able to place her in such a situation of permanent security, as intirely to impede all the dishonourable designs of Captain Latimer. He now took the papers out of his pocket, and began as follows:——

THE NARRATIVE OF BLANCHE DARLINGTON.

"I AM afraid this story will be very uninteresting to you, Mr. Netterville, and what is more, I fear it will be very defectively written; but this, I hope, your goodness will pardon, on consideration of having yourself demanded my confidence, and requested me to reveal to you the history of my past life.—I shall begin with informing you that my mother was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, whose family being large, induced him to place three daughters in a convent, where at a proper period, it was designed that they should take the veil.—They were all handsome in their persons, and accomplished in those ornamental qualifications, in which young people of their rank are usually instructed; they were also lively and good-humoured. During a casual visit which they made to their family, my aunt Violante, who was the youngest of the three sisters, happened to attract the attention of a French marquis, who was on an intimate footing with her father; he offered to take her without a portion; and she consenting to accept him, her father made no objection to the alliance, and they were all suffered to remain in —— until the conclusion of the ceremony.

I well recollect the conversation which took place between the sisters, the day previous to my aunt's marriage, and which my mother has frequently repeated to me—"I wonder Violante," said my mother, "how you can sacrifice your youth, to that ugly old marquis; I vow, if I were you, I should mistake him for my grandfather, and fall down and ask his blessing"—"Why to tell you the truth," replied she, "I am sometimes a little afraid of his grim looks, but it is better to marry any one, than to be shut up in that horrid convent for life, without a soul to speak to except a parcel of canting hypocrites, who wish, with all their hearts, they could get out, and yet try all their arts to coax the unwary into the same snare—O Eleanor, my sister" continued she, "would you not prefer liberty and an old marquis to slavery and a prison; besides, he has promised to cover me with diamonds and jewels, (my aunt was at this period only fourteen years of age) and to give me as much money as ever I wished for—and he will do every thing I ask him."—"Alas!" replied her sister, my aunt Eleanor, "these are, I fear, the promises of a lover, which the husband will not think himself bound to perform; however, no matter—any thing, as you say, is better than a prison—I declare, I am sometimes almost tempted to ask one of the lacqueys to run away with me."—"Which," said my mother, smiling, "would be a very imprudent step, my Eleanor, and one that would be very unlikely to succeed; as I fear, few, if any of them would run the chance of the stiletto, for the sake of your ladyship's pretty person; but I have as little inclination for a monastic life as you, and if my sister Violante would assist us, I think I could devise means to escape with her to France."—"O," cried Violante, "that will be delightful, depend on my assistance, only contrive the business, and depend on me for the execution of my part."—"Will you accede to the plan?"—"O most assuredly, any thing for dear liberty."—"You know," continued my mother, "that the day which unites my sister to the marquis, remands us to our prison, which is more than ten miles out of the city; well, I will write to the Lady Abbess, and say, we shall not return for more than a week, on account of the illness of my sister Eleanor; you, my Violante, must procure us some money, and the disguise of peasants, which must be left at the first cottage beyond the convent, near the high road; we will then take leave of our family, and Joseph shall, as usual, drive us to the long avenue of trees leading to the convent, and while, in his accustomed manner, he remains to watch our entrance into the gates, we must try to elude his observation, and steal round to the back wall, consequently he will depart, thinking us safely housed: and we will then hasten to the cottage, and put on our habits, and pursue the main road until we meet with some conveyance to the next town, where we will procure a guide and couple of mules to convey us to Languedoc, at which place you shall furnish a cottage for our reception, and I dare say, we shall, some how or other contrive with the *Lady Marchioness'* assistance, to gain a livelihood."—"O its quite delightful!" said both sisters in a breath,—"if we could but trust the old man," continued Violante,—"but no, we must not hazard it—if I should see you both well married, then our parents would

easily pardon our innocent frolic, and I should be better pleased with my own antique."—"But remember, Violante," said my mother, "I would much rather quietly verge on till "become an antique, as you call it, myself, than marry any old fellow in Christendom.—Come, my dear Eleanor, are you resolved will you follow your leader?" "To the world's end;" replied she, "So let us hasten and provide, we have much to do, and our time is short."—I have heard my mother say, that she could scarcely refrain from smiling at the contrast between the youthful Violante and her reverend spouse, much less could Eleanor; she watched his very looks, and imitated the kind glances which he bestowed on his blooming bride; on the contrary, Violante appeared quite pleased with the change in her situation, and looked with gratitude and pleasure towards the old marquis, as the author of all her happiness.—The ceremony being performed, Violante took leave of her family, and my mother and Eleanor, hastened to equip for their intended expedition, My aunt (who since her matrimonial engagement, had been permitted to act without restraint) had procured every necessary for the disguise of her sisters, and had it safely deposited in the cottage before mentioned; the owners of the dwelling, they had long known and could depend on—and nothing now remained but fortitude to carry them through the intended separation from their parents.—"Oh!" cried my mother, as the moment of their departure approached, "I am almost tempted to remain at home, and suffer myself to be imprisoned alive; I cannot, indeed, my dear Eleanor, I cannot quit my parents—who knows whether we shall ever behold them more—O, my sister! let us throw ourselves at their feet, let us confess all; they will not, they cannot persist in their cruel resolution!"—"Alas! Blanche," said Eleanor, "you know it is in vain to hope any change in my father; no, if you are resolved to ruin all, just as our plan is completed, do so; but hope not to move the heart of our father—our fate is decided;" continued she, "and the discovery of our intended escape, will only hasten its completion."—"I am ready," cried my mother, springing from her seat. "let us go, we will not, my sister, lose an instant."—Just at that moment, a distant relation of their father's, who had long resided in the family, approached them, and by the oddness of her address, turned their sorrow into mirth—"O mademoiselle!" exclaimed she, "how much you are to be envied, how much is your fate to be prefered to that of your sister's, hers is a temporal cross, your felicity will be permanent and secure."—"I hope so, madam," replied my mother, "we will strive to render ourselves happy," and she cast an arch glance towards her sister; Eleanor burst into a violent fit of laughter, and giving my mother a nod, began to play off the old lady in the following manner:—"I wonder, madam, you never became a nun, for by your so long remaining single, (she was nearly seventy years of age) I suppose you have no inclination towards matrimony?" "It is indeed true," returned the old lady, "I need not have so long remained single," and she bridled up her head, "but I looked too high, cousin; I looked too high—nothing under a title would go down with me; and God knows, every one has their troubles, but those who are single are the happiest, after all; my objection to becoming a nun, is the confining myself," added she, "to a single spot; but now I think of it, I will take a vow of celibacy this very night."—"Ah, do not, I beseech you, dear madam," cried Eleanor, "for you know if you remain in the world, how many temptations you may have to break your vow."—"I defy temptation said the old lady drawing her head still higher, "I defy temptation and the works of the wicked one!"—"The spirit, indeed, is willing," said Eleanor—"But I defy the weakness of the flesh and the temptations of the devil," rejoined madam—"O?" cried my aunt, with a voice and air most theatrical, "do not, I beseech you, form so rash a resolution, you know not how soon you may be tempted to break it."—"I am resolved child, say no more, I am resolved, I defy all temptation:" and she walked to and fro the room, fanning herself violently, Eleanor followed her, and catching hold of her gown, exclaimed—"O the poor count, since you are resolved, he has nothing to hope."—"What is that you say child?" asked the old lady, turning round as quick as lightening, but then suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "I defy all temptation," and she fanned herself yet more violently than before—"Ah! the poor count, sighed Eleanor—"What count?" again asked the old lady—"O madame!" said my aunt, "the count of——the count of——but hark, Blanche, did you not hear my mother call? come, let us go, we have no time to lose."—"What count?" again repeated madame.—"O my dear and venerable cousin!" exclaimed Eleanor, as she quitted the room, "persevere in your meritorious resolution—Heavens! how I envy you, the charming interesting count dying at your feet in vain, your whole mind, bent on heaven, looking down on the race of mankind and the vanity of life, devoting your youth, beauty, and numerous charms to a religious vow made in the enthusiasm of youthful ardour!—Oh! I envy you the sublimity of your feelings!"—and without giving either herself or her sister time to reflect, she hurried out of the room into that where their parents were waiting to take leave of them. "O, my dear mother!" cried Blanche, throwing herself in the arms of her parent, "God bless and preserve you!" "God for ever bless my children!" replied she. "God for ever bless my girls!" repeated their father—and they hurried out of the room, and were seated in a coach and out of sight in a moment.

"I declare," cried Eleanor, as soon as they lost sight of the house, "if that old woman with her folly had not given me an unusual flow of spirits, I verily think, with all my boasted resolution, I should have betrayed myself at last."—"O, my sister"! said Blanche, "God only knows what will become of us!" "The worst is over," said Eleanor, "keep up your spirits—it is now too late to retreat." They were set down, as they expected, at the end of a long avenue of trees leading to the convent, and every thing succeeded to their wish—they gained the cottage, and changed their robes without suspicion, and under the protection of Jaques the cottager, they reached the nearest town in safety, and the following day pursued their journey, and at length gained the chateau of the marquis in Languedoc, without meeting with any adventure worth recording, and almost before they were missed. They stopped at a small village about a mile from the chateau, and from thence walked to it, and enquired for the marchioness; they were shewn into the parlour, and Violante could scarcely refrain from expressing her joy at their arrival. Jacques now requested to know if she would have the goodness to speak in his favour to the marquis, as he wished to rent a small cottage and vineyard which he understood to be vacant; and pretending to be much taken with his appearance, she easily prevailed on her husband to let him have a cottage which she had just fitted up, under the pretence of making it a pretty object from the chateau. Jacques now returned to fetch his wife, and engaged himself to officiate in the capacity of vine-dresser and gardener, and Agness was to perform the household work—and thus you behold my mother and aunt quietly settled in their new habitation. Violante spoke in raptures of the goodness of her lord, and declared, that were she again single, she would not hesitate a moment in bestowing herself upon him. "I assure you, my dear Eleanor," said she, "you wronged him much when you affirmed I depended on an empty promise, for his conduct is uniformly indulgent, tender, and obliging; ah! he has never yet denied me any thing which I asked."—"Then do not my dear sister," cried Blanche, "abuse his confidence—let us throw ourselves upon his mercy," "O, no," said she "not yet, the time is not yet come."

The marquis kept a great deal of company, and Violante was generally admired, yet she conducted herself with such guarded propriety, that no one could find fault with any part of her conduct. My mother and Eleanor had not much of her society, but this gave a greater zest to their interviews when they could have an opportunity of meeting.

Two months had taken their flight, and the commencement of the third found them still delighted with their retirement—the spring was far advanced, and the country became every day more beautiful. The cottage was

situated on a small eminence about a mile from the chateau, and was a pretty object from its windows; it was built in the Gothic style, and was overshadowed with lofty orange and pomegranate trees, while the vine and the jessamine together entwined their tendrils to clothe its front, and secure it from the scorching rays of the sun; it was ornamented within by the exquisite taste of the three sisters, and fitted up in a convenient but simple manner. Here then, excluded from all commerce but with the simple children of nature, did these too young women pass delightful days of ease, security, and happiness, devoting their time to the improvement of their minds, and in perfecting themselves in every ornamental and valuable acquirement---the generosity of the marquis allowing free scope to the liberality of Violante; and so much had their change of dress disguised their persons, that the marquis had frequently visited them without making any discovery, notwithstanding he had heard from Florence of the unaccountable disappearance of his wife's two sisters. It was about this time that my mother and the fair Eleanor, having risen particularly early on one remarkable fine morning, and seated themselves under the shade of the orange and pomegranate trees on a small bench, with their work, that Eleanor began to sing the morning hymn to the Virgin, my mother joining occasionally, as the strain swelled in the breeze, and then pausing to let her sister continue alone—it was just at this moment, when their hearts were in perfect harmony with all the world, and in unison with the celestial strains which proceeded from their lips, that the sudden pause of Eleanor caused my mother to look up, and she beheld opposite to them two gentlemen, standing in mute wonder and admiration. "Heavens! marquis," cried one of them, "I wonder not at your impatience to visit Languedoc——if such are the goddessess which dwell in its sylvan shades, who would ever encounter the smoke of Paris?"—"May I perish, Darlington," said the other, "if I am not as much surprised as you at every thing I see: the lovely marchioness has metamorphosed every thing about the old chateau—and on my faith, if she were not my mother-in-law, I should be almost tempted to fall in love with her." "She is really a divine creature!" answered his friend: "her youth and beauty are dangerous allurements—let us beware in time!" They now approached the sisters, and apologized for their intrusion, and intreated to be favoured with the continuation of the concert —but this they declined, and making a slight curtesy, retired into the house. The following conversation, which passed at the chateau during the time of dinner, was repeated to her sisters by Violente in the evening, to which was added a warning to conduct themselves with circumspection:—

"Pray, my lord," asked the young marquis, "under whose auspices has the cottage of Jean Bois undergone such a metamorphosis—it is now a beautiful object from the chateau?"—"It was a design of the marchioness," said his father; "and I assure you it is tenanted by two as pretty young creatures as you ever saw; their father is a plain vine dresser, but the girls have had many advantages, and have quite the air of noblesse." "I bet you a thousand pounds, marquis," cried Darlington: "those were the two divinities we saw this morning. How I should like to transport one of them to my castle in Caledonia—I will make a paradise for her if she will condescend to become my Eve!" "Hold your nonsense, Darlington," said his friend; "I am afraid, like our first parent, having once tasted the forbidden fruit she would soon be driven out of it again; think no more of the poor girls, I beseech you, but let them enjoy their cottage in security." He now turned the conversation—and Violante rejoiced in the probable effects which she prophesied was like to attend the attractions of one of her sisters—for, notwithstanding his pretended indifference, she discovered that the young marquis was more interested in their favour than his friend.

ORIGIN OF POETRY.

WHAT, it may be asked, is poetry? and how does it differ from prose? Many disputes have been maintained among the critics upon these questions. The essence of poetry is supposed by Aristotle, Plato, and others, to consist in fiction. This description, however, has been esteemed to be imperfect and limited. Many account the characteristic of poetry to be imitation. But an imitation of human manners and characters may be carried on in prose.

Perhaps it is the best definition of poetry, "that it is the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers." As the primary aim of the poet is to please and to move, it is to the imagination and the passions that he addresses himself. With him, instruction and reformation are secondary considerations.

It has been said, that poetry is older than prose; and the position is certainly true. In the very begining of society there were occasions upon which men met together at feasts and sacrifices, when music, dance and song, were the chief entertainment. The meetings of the northern tribes of America, are distinguished by music and song. By songs they celebrate their religious ceremonies, and their martial achievements. And it is in such songs, which characterize the infancy of all nations, that there may be traced the begining of poetic composition.

Man is by nature both a poet and a musician. The same impulse which produces an enthusiastic poetic style, produces a high modulation of sound. Music and poetry are united in song; they mutually assist and exalt each other. The first poets sung their own verses; and hence the origin of what is called versification, or the arrangement of words to some tone or melody.

Poets and songs are the first objects that make their appearances in any nation. Apollo, Orpheus, and Amphion, were the first tamers of mankind, among the Greeks. The Gothic nations had their scalders or poets. The Celtic tribes had their bards; as witness the inimitable poems of Ossian. Poems and songs are among the antiquity of all countries; and the occasions of their being composed are nearly the same. They abound in fire and enthusiasm; and they are wild, irregular and glowing.

It is in the progress of society that poems assume different forms. Time separates into classes the different kinds of poetic composition. A peculiar merit, and certain rules are assigned to each. The ode, and the elegy: the epic poem, and dramatic compositions, are all reduced to regulations, and exercise the acuteness of criticism.

MARY FISHER,

A QUAKER, of the last century, was so anxious to promote the tenets of her religion, that she took it into her head to go to Constantinople, in order to convert the Grand Seignior. On her arrival at Smyrna, the English consul sent her to Venice. From thence she travelled to Constantinople, all the way by land, and actually appeared before the Sultan Mahomet IV. who patiently attended to her expostulation, and then caused her to be conveyed back to her own country, where she married a preacher of her own sect. This couple afterwards went as missionaries into Languedoc, to preach the tenets of Quakerism among the Protestants of that province.

The French, says a Kentish paper, have long been celebrated for their skill at cards: but, in the desperate game they are now playing, we will venture to say, that though they may *shuffle* and *cut* with their usual dexterity, they will find themselves a little puzzled when they come to *deal!!*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

"O, it offends me to the soul to see shallow pated dogs ape at criticism, who, for the most part, are themselves *capable* of nothing but inexplicable, *dumb shows*, and *noise*: I would have such fellows whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:—Pray you avoid it."

TWO "*attempts*" have been made in the Repository of last Saturday to criticise upon the performance of the Tragedy of Mahomet by the "*Theatrical Association*," under the signatures of A. and HENRY.

HENRY would be entitled to first notice were it only for his decency and forbearance—and after I have said a few words to him I shall proceed with his royal highness critic A.

In the first place, however, it may not be improper to remark, that to be able to *assume youth, age, love, fear, hatred, revenge, jealousy*, and all the passions inherent in the human mind; vary the voice, alter the features, and with the *aid of dress* persuade the audience that the actor is the very character the author has drawn, and which is visible in the common walks of life; and naturally mark the many sudden transitions of the mind, when worked upon by the sentiments addressed to him by his opponent in the scene, then the *perfection of the art is arrived at, by him who has a mind sufficiently comprehensive*, WITH OTHER QUALIFICATIONS; such as a flexible and expressive countenance and favorable figure, to display the various passions, to communicate all those little delicate, but *important*, touches of nature, which are the physical qualities of every man, but which the general run of *actors by profession* have nightly proved to be a task too gigantic and too difficult to pourtray, though their *hourly intercourse* with each other calls forth all those feelings which *they* are at a loss to depict *so perfectly on the stage*. The obvious reason is, *that which is the most arduous to imitate is the most* NATURAL! and as Quintilian says of eloquence, "*nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himself.*" I had nearly strayed from my subject, as before expressed:—HENRY should have kept in mind that so far from being able to pourtray all the feelings necessary to the well performance of tragedy, there was not a single gentleman in the Association who even *pretended* to such perfection.

Under a mask, he has severely lashed the person who performed *Alcanor*. But it is my opinion that no character was represented with so much judgment. The *author* seemed to have been Alcanor's principal study, not the *words*. The smothering of the voice of which HENRY so loudly complains, is a *natural* defect—Alcanor has it even in common conversation.

HENRY, however, seems to have been guided by a tincture of *partiality* for the Association, for which, no doubt, the members return him their thanks—*such as merited no praise, he has not censured.*

Not so the evil minded injudicious A. He, fraught with malice against the whole race, knew not where to apply the lash—but with the phrenzy of a madman, dealt his blows undiscriminately, regardless of *gratitude* or *truth!*

Of *truth*, I say, for he has let but one escape, and he *deserved it least!* PHARON, who A. says "had a more correct judgment of his character; his voice rather *tremulous;* (not "defective") motions graceful, but too frequent." Yes, this PHARON "sawed the air" with a *dignified* and stoic-like countenance—not all the tears shed in his presence—not all the blood that flowed from Alcanor's wounds—not all the well expressed grief shewn by Zaphna—not murder itself, whose horrid name pales the countenance at "common mention"—was able to remove the smile from his countenance—nor keep his *boyish* eyes from rambling o'er the group of "ripen'd beauties," before which he was *playing Harlequin;* and with evident satisfaction viewing the gaudy dress, the tinsel'd grandeur of which raised him to the summit of "EARTHLY HAPPINESS."

Instead of expressing the distressing horror when he enters and finds *Alcanor* dying by the hand of *Zaphna*, he, with a smiling phiz, and drawling accent spoke the following sentence

Dire—unnatural—crime,—
Oh—wretched—paracide—behold—thy—father!

It would be impossible to follow him thro' all his whimsies—I leave it to A. to reconcile these *truths* with his former assertions.

The rapid *strides* which A. asserts Alcanor took across the stage indicated, together with his *blustering*, more the fire of youth, than the feebleness of age—and yet A. asserts that his languid voice was disgusting—what a contradiction—"Oh! excellent observer."

A. says that an injudicious choice was made as to the tragedy—this is another of his correct observations. The difficulty of representing female characters, ought always to be the first consideration; as it is not to be supposed that a male can imitate the soft delicate tone, or the angel like figure of a female performer.—This tragedy has but one female character—of course the choice *was judicious*—the assertion of A. to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of Palmira I say nothing—the *character itself* is an excuse and refutation of A's calumnies. We proceed with *Mirvan*, who A. says might, without difficulty, rival Nick Bottom in Shaks. Mids. Night's Dream! This is utterly without truth, and it is impossible that A. can have any other ground for his assertion than malice; the continued plaudits of a respectable audience at once contradicts it. *Mirvan*, was the best figure, on the stage that evening, and shewed an acquaintance with theatrical representations, which would by no means be a disgrace to the boards of a *regular theatre.*

Once more with this judicious critic, and I have done—His *correct observation* informs him that a pair of yellow-sattin petticoat trowsers and vest, spangled, with a long blue silk robe trimmed with ermine, and a large white turban with a plume—more represented the dress of a Roman than a Turk—what an *excellent critic!* And according to the same judgment that declares a *real* Turkish dress to be more like a Roman—he asserts that the manly, loud voice of *Mahomet* resembled the croaking of a frog—the comparison in both cases are worthy of so able a critic as A.

It is well he passed over Zaphna with no more censure than that of comparing him to a "timid school boy." He found nothing in his acting, I am sure, that deserved a harder name. 'Tis true, for once, he gives him the *well earned* praise of having appropriate gestures.

"What sacred truth from what polluted lips!"
ALCANOR.

I never saw, in a society, so grand an "attempt" (as A. pleases to call it) at the *real* character designed by the author. The wild desperate horror shown in the countenance during the following lines, predicate that this gentleman is well fitted for the high walks of tragedy:

[*starting up from the ground.*

"I did fly at the blasting sight Palmira,
"When drawing out the fatal steel, he cast
"Such tender looks!—I fled—the fatal steel,
"The voice, the tender looks, the bleeding victim
"Blessing his murderer, I could not fly:
"No, they clung to me, riv'd my throbbing heart,
"And set my brain on fire. What have we done!"
Act IV. Scene II.

Yes, these lines excited the sympathy of the audience—all was quiet—and every actor knows, that attention to him is—*real applause!*

This piece has been extended beyond the bounds first intended—but A's misrepresentations and garbled praise required it; when he has reconciled the facts *in this piece* with *his assertions*, then perhaps, he may hear again from one who was pleased—nay delighted—to behold so grand an "attempt," from a quarter whence it was least expected—and who thinking that A. has disgraced the *vowels* by his signature, chuses to affix, merely as a mark of distinction to his piece, the consonant P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

If you think the following literal translation of Lucian's sixteenth dialogue worth publishing, it is at your service. R.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARON—the ferry-man.
MERCURY—the guide.

THE DEAD.

MENIPPUS—a cynic philosopher.
CHARMOLEUS.
LAMPICHUS—tyrant of the Geloi, a people of Scythia.
DAMASIAS—a great wrestler in the Palæstra or Grecian Campus-martius.
CRATO—king of Sicyon a city of Peloponnesus.

Scene—The river Styx and Charon's ferry-boat——the dead endeavouring to enter——Mercury addresses them.

Mer. HEAR how your affairs stand—the boat is small and crazy, and leaks on all sides; and if she leans, either to one side or the other, she will be overset. But you come here all at once, every one burdened with much luggage, with which if you should descend, I fear you will repent it afterwards;—especially such of you as don't know how to swim.

Dead. How then shall we sail over safely?

Ch. I will tell you: it is proper that you should enter naked, leaving all those superfluous things on the shore: for even thus the boat can scarcely receive you. And it shall be your care, Mercury, from this time to receive none of them except he be naked, and have cast away, as I said before, all superfluities. Also, standing near the ladder, examine and receive them, obliging them to enter naked.

Mer. Well said, I shall obey you—who is this first?

Men. I am Menippus; but see, Mercury, my wallet and staff are both cast into the lake: I have done well that I have not brought my cloak.

Mer. Enter Menippus, best of men, and take the chief seat, near the pilot, in the highest place; that you may see them all.—But who is this handsome fellow?

Char. Charmoleus the lovely Megaræan, whose kiss was valued at two talents.

Mer. Strip off therefore, that beauty, and your lips with those kisses, and also your long hair, and the redness of your cheeks, and your whole skin.—It is well, you are prepared, enter now. But who is this cloathed in purple, having a diadem and a stern look?

Lam. I am Lampichus, king of the Geloi

Mer. What, therefore, Lampichus, do you intend, with all this trumpery.

Lam. Is it proper, Mercury, that a king should come here as a naked man.

Mer. A king should not on any account; but a dead man may very well: therefore, put off these things.

Lam. See, my riches are cast away!

Mer. Throw away also that disdain, and haughtiness; for they, entering together into the boat, would sink her.

Lam. But permit me to have my diadem and robe.

Mer. On no account—put them off also.

Lam. What more? for, as you see, I have put off every thing.

Mer. You must also quit these things, even your cruelty, your pride, and inclination to anger.—But who are you, so fat and fleshy?

Dam. I am Damasias the wrestler.

Mer. You seem so indeed,—for I know you, having seen you in the Palæstra.

Dam. True Mercury, but receive me, I am naked.

Mer. You are not naked, my very handsome fellow, when you are surrounded by so much flesh: put it off, therefore, for you will sink the boat, if you set only one foot upon it: you must also lay aside those garlands, and popular applauses.

Dam. You see now, I am truly naked, and equal in weight to the other dead.

Mer. It is well you are lightened, therefore enter.—But you, Crato, having cast away your riches, and also your effeminency and luxury, neither bring here your funeral ornaments, nor the dignity of your ancestors; but relinquish your illustrious race and your glory:—and if, at any time, the city should, by the voice of the herald, proclaim your great actions, relinquish them, that instant: also the inscription on your statues, nor tell that they have built for you, a large monument,—for only remembering these things will sink the boat.

Cr. I am very unwilling, however, I will cast them off, for what can I do?

Mer. Strange! do you wish to go there armed, or why do you carry this trophy?

Cr. Because, Mercury, I conquered, I excelled in battle, and the city honoured me.—

Mer. Throw your trophy on the ground, for there is peace in hell, and no need of arms.—But who is this personage, venerable from his habit, walking like a crane, raising his eyes on account of his cares, and wearing a long beard.

Men. Some philosopher, Mercury, an impostor indeed, and full of prodigies; therefore, make him strip, and you will see many ridiculous things concealed under his cloak.

Mer. Throw off that habit first——Oh Jupiter! what boasting he bears about him, what ignorance, contention and vain glory, and doubtful questions, and difficult words, and perplexed thoughts; and also very much vain labour, and trifles not few, and babling, and petty-sophisms. But, by Jupiter, you must throw away this gold, and voluptuousness, and impudence, and anger, and delicacy, and effeminacy (for these things shall not escape me, altho' you conceal them chiefly about you); you must also quit your lying, and your arrogance, and think better of others: for if you would indeed enter having all these things—what fifty-oared galley could receive you?

Phil. I strip them off, therefore, since you will have it so.

Men. But, Mercury, let him lay off that beard, it is heavy and bristly, as you see; the hair is five pounds-weight at least.

Mer. Well said,—put that off also.

Phil. And who shall cut it off?

Mer. Menippus himself, with an ax, one of those by the help of which boats are made, shall cut it off, using the ladder for a block.

Men. No! no! Mercury, but give me a saw, for by that it will look much more ridiculous.

Mer. The ax is ready.—Very well indeed, now you appear more like a man,

having laid off that rough, stinking, beard of yours.

Men. Do you wish that I should take away a little from his eye-brows.

Mer. By all means, these hairs have grown all over his face, extending themselves in a wonderful manner.—What is the matter?—unhappy wretch! you weep, and are in fear on account of death; wherefore enter.

Men. He has yet something very strong under his arm-pits.

Mer. What, Menippus?

Men. His flattery, Mercury, it was very useful to him in life.

Phil. And do you, Menippus, strip off your impertinent freedom, your audacity, and merriment, and disrespect, and ridicule. Why do you alone laugh at all the others?

Mer. On no account. But retain these things, for they are light and altogether easily carried, also they are useful in our passage.—But you Mr. Orator, strip off that endless loquacity, and those antitheses and similies, and periods, and babarisms, and the rest of that ponderous load of words.

Phil. See, I throw them away.

Mer. It is well: now loose the cables, take up the ladders, haul in the anchor, spread the sails; and you, Pilot, direct the helm: we shall do well.—Why do you weep, you fools, especially the philosopher, you who lately lost your beard?

Phil. Because, Mercury, I believed the soul was immortal.

Men. It is false; for it plainly appears that some other things grieve him.

Mer. What things?

Men. Because he can no longer eat such plentiful suppers; nor, going out in the night, unknown to all, having muffled his head in his cloak, can visit all the brothels in the city: and the next day deceive the young people by his philosophy, that he might get money. These things torment him.

Phil. O! Menippus, are you not sorry that *you* are dead.

Men. How? I who hastened to death without being called for!—But while we are talking, do you not hear some clamour like the voices of people bawling from the earth?

Mer. Yes, Menippus, it is not from one place only, but they are collected in crouds; and joyful, they all laugh on account of the death of Lampichus; his wife's hair is torn by the women, his children, lately born, are similarly treated, and showers of stones cast upon them by the boys.—But others, in Sicyon, are praising the orator Diophantus, who delivered the funeral oration of this Crato. And, by Jupiter, the mother of Damasias, weeping, together with her women, begins the funeral lamentation on his account.—But, Menippus, nobody weeps for you, you alone lie in tranquility.

Men. No, indeed, but, after a little while, you will hear the *dogs* howling miserably about me, and the crows clapping their wings, when I am about to be buried.

Mer. You are candid, Menippus, but now we have carried you over; go to the tribunal, marching on, in that straight road; whilst I and the ferry-man shall return to bring the others.

Men. A happy voyage, Mercury, but, let us go—why do we linger any longer? it is right that we should be judged, and, they say, there will be grievous punishments, wheels, vultures, and rocks. The life of every one will be strictly examined.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

Conceiving it the duty of all those who are in possession of curiosities, to communicate them to the public; I beg leave to offer for insertion in the Repository, the following Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Gen. IRWIN, written by one of the *Osage Chiefs*, then in this city; having resided some years among them, I can, with little difficulty, understand the poet tolerably well, if my knowledge of the Osage idiom were more correct, I should hazard sending you an English version, which I hope some of your ingenious correspondents will undertake. T. W.

KAHATALA tamponaz kankallaookhhai,
Tsyhooko taballakam oohukazumpas ukhoo;
Jangkang ota tirsi huknok Sabalakhai,
Tomatakah senfu Tallatankahhompoo.

Lantuttatum pakom kam-tam kutam,
Sumkanoh atakham asampa Pokaoohumpoo:
Kala antlikam tibenkohote sathake kamputam,
Ohootuhhia!—tantakam tooohola ohhu.

Neidoko Iwala wham kontanttachhee*
Etum ohamanah Kaballako latkum kuhana,
Osgankela Kelatamkho Talmanka ta tum chee
Lamactzam Kaha whak otakunitenna.

* This verse has a very agreeable resemblance to one line of the Mantuan bard:—

"Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit."

PARROTS.

THE great number of words they are capable of learning and repeating, is very surprising. 'We are assured by a grave writer,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I,' adds the doctor, 'may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances, from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculousy employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.* The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortation.'

In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing, how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly. I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend who was with me solved the diffiulty at once, by assuring me, that the French women scarcely did any thing else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils, and that the birds were distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.

The parrots of France are certainly very expert, but nothing to those of the Brasils, where the education of the parrot is considered as a serious business. Clusius assures us, that the parrot of that country is the most sensible and cunning of all animals not endued with reason. The great parrot, called in that country the *Aicuros*, he tells us, is a prodigy of understanding. 'A certain Brasilian woman,' says he, 'that lived in a village two miles distant from the island on which we resided, had a parrot of this kind, which was the wonder of the place. It seemed endued with such understanding, as to discern and comprehend whatever she said to it. As we sometimes used to pass by that woman's house, she used to call upon us to stop, promising if we gave her a comb, or a looking-glass, that she would make her parrot sing and dance to entertain us. If we agreed to her request, as soon as she had pronounced some words to the bird, it began not only to leap and skip on the perch on which it stood, but also to talk, and to whistle, and imitate the shoutings and exclamations of the Brasilians when they prepare for battle. In brief, when it came into the woman's head to bid it to sing, it sang; to dance, it danced. But if contra-

ry to the promise, we refused to give the woman the little present agreed on, the parrot seemed to sympathize in her resentment, and was silent and immoveable; neither could we, by any means, provoke it to move either foot or tongue.'

[Naturalists pretend that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of music. The following story may serve as an instance.]

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

AN officer in France having spoken somewhat too freely of the minister Louvois, was, as once was the custom, immediately consigned to the Bastile. He requested the government to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmony of his instrument, the rigors of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes, great numbers of mice; and, descending from their wooden habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him while he continued his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment, when, having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he re-commenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of some time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred *musical amateurs*. Having thus succeeded in attracting their company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put into a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

CURE FOR THE DYSENTERY.

PERSONS afflicted with the present prevailing dysentery, are informed, that a few small doses of roll brimstone administered at short intervals of a few hours, will effectually and invariably eradicate the complaint. Molasses is commonly used with it, and with great propriety, although any thing most agreeable to the stomach of the patient will answer,—the sulphur is the thing to be relied on. If the case is violent, and inflammation apprehended, the sulphur should be given in the oil of olives; if inflammation has taken place, the abdomen must be covered with sulphur finely pounded, and a liberal injection of the oil administered; every case, except that of an absolute spacelus, yields to this mode of treatment, which is in truth the radical antidote to all complaints of the bowels, by opening the colon gut, correcting the acrimony of the acid which preys on the bowels, and which nature seeks to evacuate by stool, exciting generous perspiration, and gently loosening the bowels, which in this complaint, are in a state of constant constriction.

ANECDOTE.

THERE is a curious fact related by Lord Bacon, which if it had not the seal of such authority, would be looked upon rather as a fabricated jest, than a true story. His Lordship who was many years a judge, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, relates that a thief being brought to the bar and arraigned for being found on a stolen horse, positively insisted to the bench that so far from his having stolen the horse, the horse had stolen him. Fellow, said the Judge, how dare you take the liberty of sporting with the Court on such a solemn occasion; and even while your life is in jeopardy to attempt to amuse us with such an absurd expression? The horse steal you indeed!—It is true nevertheless, said he firmly. I was passing through the field upon my lawful occasions, when I perceived a fierce mastiff dog, which I feared might be mad, pursuing me. I ran to save myself—he was getting close up with me just as a high hedge lay in my way. Being very active, I leaped over it, and accidentally lighted upon the back of a horse, which being frightened, ran away with me so furiously that I could not stop him, until he came to the town where I was taken; and where the owner now lives. The jury did not think the evidence so conclusive against his resolute affirmation of the story, (impossible as it appeared) and so acquitted him—perhaps, says his Lordship, not a little thereto moved by the whimsicalness of the defence set up.

As fools have wise intervals, so wise men have foolish ones.

Nothing is so timed as a bad conscience.

Philadelª, *Sept.* 8, 1804.

BONAPARTE.

A letter has been received from *Napoleon Bonaparte* announcing the acceptance of his appointment as an honorary member of the Newyork Academy of Arts and Sciences. "*His honors, grow thick about him.*"

MARRIED—On Wednesday evening last, by John Barker, Esq. Mr. *William Moon* of Frankford, to Miss *Mary Starr*, of this city.—Some philosophers have been of opinion that by uniting the *moon* with a *star*, something like a *sun* might be produced.

—— On Thursday evening 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Andrews, Mr. *Constand Hewgh*, to Miss *Catharine Smith*.

Inserted by request.

DIED—On Friday the 24th inst. Miss *Anna Condon*, daughter of Mr. William Condon, of Kensington, aged 17 years. Altho' eulogiums on the dead are generally too indiscriminately bestowed; yet, while we drop the tear of regret over the grave of this amiable young lady, it would be doing injustice to virtue and to merit, not to mention a few of the traits of that goodness and worth whose loss we deplore. Young as she was, the benevolent sensibilities of her heart, her sweetness of disposition, and gentleness of manners, endeared her to all who had the happiness of knowing her; but, more particularly to her associates and companions, to whom her friendship was truly generous, warm, steady, and sincere:—And towards her parents, the whole tenor of her conduct, from earliest infancy, was marked by an unbounded affection, undeviating duty, a cheerful obedience, and a reverent respect.

The illness which terminated her life, though lingering and painful, she bore with a calmness, patience and resignation, rarely to be met with in a person of her years. Though her sufferings were great, yet during them all, her countenance never once indicated any thing like complaining, nor did a single murmur ever escape from her lips. When she looked forward to herapproaching dissolution, it was not with alarm or dismay; but with that placid serenity which the consciousness of a life devoted to virtue can alone inspire. She is gone!—gone, but *not lost!* Let the mourning parents be consoled by the comforting reflection, that the Heavenly Parent of their dear departed daughter, has only removed her from this transitory vale of tears to his mansions of everlasting blessedness. Thus the wounds made by this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence will be healed; and the language of devout resignation, to the Almighty Disposer of events, will ever be, *Thy will be done.* S.

——On the 25th ult. after a long and painful illness which he bore with manly fortitude, Mr. *Benjamin Freeman*, jun. in the 23d year of his age. In him was combined the affectionate husband, the dutiful son, the tender and attentive brother, the steady and firm friend.

To Correspondents.

"*Adelio on the Tooth-ache*"—and *Philo's Lines to a young Lady*" shall appear next week.

"*Theatricus*" will find his ideas and observations anticipated in *P's* communication.

"*The Scribler, No. 19.*" is received.

"*Junio's*" first communication will be inserted next week.

"*Matilda's first attempt*" is too incorrect for insertion.

Temple of the Muses.

A SONG FOR SEVENTY.

From Anderson's Recreations.

I TOLD you *Mary*, told you true,
If love to favour had a claim,
That all its wishes warm'd my breast,
And you were still the constant theme;
I told you then, if mine you were,
The pride of rank you must forego,
And all the pomp of dress resign,
For wealth I had not to bestow;
And, *Mary*, thou didst not reprove,
But bade me hope, and bade me love.

O, *Mary!* on thy lovely neck
The diamond shone with sweeten'd glance,
And graceful was the silken robe
That mark'd thy motions in the dance;
And joyous were the pompous crowd
Thy birth entitled thee to join:
Yet pomp, and wealth, and friends, you left,
To be acknowledg'd *Mary* mine;
Thou, lovely, dids't my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love.

'Tis long now *Mary*, since we met:
Stiff are my joints, and hoar my hair;
Ev'n *your* cheek, too, the wrinkles mark,
And yet by love you're wond'rous fair;
And were the wrinkles stronger still,
While accents cheerful grac'd your tongue,
How could I think, but on those smiles
And accents that adorn'd thee young:
When thou, love, didst my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love?

How often, *Mary*, has my heart
With secret rapture beat thy praise!
While on your breast our infants hung
I mark'd their mother's tender gaze;
And still my love, thy *Lad* is proud,
Old as he is he's proud to see
The *younkers*, anxious for thy love,
Come fondling round their gran'am's knee:
O! bless the day you did approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love!

O *Mary!* much I owe thy care,
Life's best of blessings still you gave:
But now our various duties past,
Our nearest prospect is the grave:
Yet, conscious of a virtuous life
We shrink not from the solemn scene;
Sigh, sigh we must that we shall part,
But soon, my love, we'll meet again,
Where endless pleasures we shall prove,
Nor ever, ever cease to love.

A NEIGHBORLY RESOLUTION.

By Robert Bloomfield.

WITH scythe, fresh sharpen'd by his side,
To bring the ripen'd barley down,
One morning when the dew was dried,
Thus musing with himself, John Brown
Stood, where, of late,
His little gate
Was cover'd by an elm's broad shade:—
"Ah! there thou ly'st, wide shelt'ring tree!
Beneath whose boughs, in youthful glee,
My first love-vow was made!

Thou hast surviv'd my wife, 'tis true,
Thy leaves have sighed to me alone;
Have sigh'd in autumn's yellow hue—
I've felt thy lessons, ev'ry one.
Of thee, bereft,
There may be left,
(Tho 'twas no friend that cut thee down)
There may be left in store, I say,
Some joys——for Goody Gascoin may
Be kind to neighbor Brown.

I've liv'd alone; she's done the same,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold;
I trust we still might feel love's flame,
Tho' girls and boys may call us old:
O could we be
Embow'r'd by thee!
Vain wish! my poor old elm is down:—
May shadeless labor, and sour ale,
Far from this stream, and this sweet vale,
Plague him that robb'd John Brown.

But tho' midst clust'ring leaves, no more
The robin gives his morning trill;
Winter may bring him to my door,
And Goody Gascoin, if she will.
I'll know her mind;
If so inclin'd,
'Tis death alone shall make us part;
And tho' his cot's sweet shade is down,
This charm she'll find in neighbor Brown,
Gay cheerfulness of heart."

THE WORN-OUT MARINER.

O PRIDE! behold where, at thy lofty gate,
The famish'd beggar lies! The lame the blind.
The poor artificer, or vet'ran bold,
Whose guiltless age and multilated limbs
Are his proud passports! Dost thou feel for him—
Thy brother—Man? But nobler than thyself
By nature's heraldry! Behold his scars,
His silver hair, scatter'd by ev'ry blast
That wings the win'try storm. Does gratitude
To him present a portion of that wealth,
Which he, by many an hour of fierce exploit,
Rescu'd from foreign foes? Does fancy paint,
Amid thy dreams of labor'd respiration,
The stormy night, when, on the tatter'd shrouds,
Drench'd by the pelting show'r, the seaman stood,
Braving the dreadful gulph that yawn'd below!
Such was the Mendicant that haunts thy gate;
So were his youthful hours consum'd for thee!
When o'er the rocking deck the sulphur'd flash
Of desolating War its terrors threw.
Midst dying groans; while thund'ring, peal on peal,
The brazen tongue of Slaughter roar'd revenge,
Making Heaven's concave tremble! See that cheek,
Wither'd by torrid suns or gelid climes,
Bath'd with a silent tear! Beside him stands,
With half-retiring step and modest eye,
His mis'ry's only hope—a beauteous girl—
Gentle as innocence! her daily task
Is filial piety: attention sweet,
That marks th' angelic mind! Her out-stretch'd arm
Guides the slow foot-steps of her drooping sire,
Grown blind with age, and wearied out with toil,
Yet 'midst the sober wilderness of woe,
Her voice breathes comfort, and her speaking eye,
When on a bed of straw her parent sleeps,
Is rais'd in supplication to that God
Who mocks distinction! Fortune—dull, and blind—
Thou, from whose loss uncounted treasures fall,
Strewing the paths of bloated infamy
With rich redundancy of Nature's stores,
Till the pall'd fancy sickens, and the senses
Faint with satiety: Fortune, blind!
Hadst thou no little hoard for modest worth?
No silent nook, in the vast space of earth,
Where the wrong'd child of poverty might rest,
Screen'd from the worst of mortal miseries—
The cold contempt of Ignorance and Pride?
Yes—know, high-crested Pride, there yet remains
ONE place—ONE sacred solitary spot—
Where HE shall rest, remember'd, while thy name
Shall steal to dark oblivion; when the grave
Shall be your equal home; and time shall prove
That Pity's tear, which consecrates the dust
Of humbled Virtue, shall ascend to heav'n,
When tombs of kings shall moulder into dust!

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay in advance 3 *dollars* per vol.

To distant subscribers 3 *dollars* a year payable yearly in advance.

The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at 3 *dollars* per vol unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)